

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.
Publication Office:
704 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Application made for entry at the Post-office at
Washington, D. C., as second-class matter.
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merrick, Treasurer and Business Manager
William P. Spurgeon, Managing Editor
Clarence C. Archibald, Advertising Manager
Harry Cunningham, Auditor
Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in
the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va.,
at 5 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at
25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, \$5.00 per month.
Daily and Sunday, \$15.00 per quarter.
Daily and Sunday, \$45.00 per year.
Sunday only, \$1.00 per month.
Sunday only, \$3.00 per quarter.
Sunday only, \$9.00 per year.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions,
and no communications to the editor will be
printed except on the name of the writer.
Manuscripts offered for publication should be
sent with the manuscript for that purpose.
All communications intended for this paper,
whether for the editor or the business manager,
should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1906.

The Herald: A Foreword.

This is to be no salutatory. It is a simple statement of fact. The Herald intends to be as much of a fixture at the Capital as the Washington Monument. It is started in no spirit of antagonism and with no selfish purposes to promote, and it means to succeed wholly upon its merits as a newspaper. That it will stand for the best interests of Washington needs not the saying. It will ever keep in mind, however, that this is a national city—the nation's city—and that its present greatness and future pre-eminence have as its basis its national character.

The Herald will be primarily a newspaper—an honest newspaper and a clean newspaper. It starts clean and will be kept clean. It will deal with the cleanly affairs of life. Hysterical methods will have no part in its make-up. Washington has the most intelligent newspaper clientele in the country, and the Herald will never overlook that fact.

Having no axes to grind, political or otherwise, there will be no partisan politics in either its news or editorial pages. Its opinions may not be shared by its readers always, but a policy of fair dealing will emphasize the paper's independence in the best meaning of the term.

The Herald's circulation, beginning today, has both quality and quantity, and each succeeding issue will strengthen it in these regards, for it expects to be a better newspaper every day.

The Cuban Temptation.

Our national self-denial in the matter of the acquisition of Cuba is one of the remarkable facts of our history. Scarcely a decade has passed since the Louisiana Purchase without some incident affording at least a colorable excuse for the conquest or seizure of the island. In the ante-bellum days, "manifest destiny," the view of many American statesmen, pointed straight to ultimate American sovereignty over Cuba; while filibusters and diplomats, according to their several methods, tried without success to hasten the approach of our "destiny." But our traditional policy was not to acquire territory unconnected with the mainland. "Nothing should ever be accepted," said Jefferson, "which would require a navy to defend it." This doctrine governed national policy until its reversal by the annexation of Hawaii. Since then the taking of insular territory has become almost a national pastime. Nevertheless, we have kept hands off Cuba and Santo Domingo, in spite of provocation and temptation.

But will our national self-denial always hold out? May not the temptation in time prove too strong for us? Singularly enough, the issue arises closely upon the heels of Secretary Root to the Pan-American Conference, where he declared American policy to be averse to national aggrandizement at the expense of our neighbors. The annexation of Cuba would square but awkwardly with this doctrine. But Secretary Taft and the administration are dealing with conditions and not with theories, and the course of events is not always governed by declarations of principle. More frequent than the reversed. Ways and means and reasons and excuses were found for embarking on a colonial policy when we took the Philippines, in spite of its repugnance to the therefore prevailing national policy; and so in the case of Cuba the thing may finally be done and explanations made afterward.

A Mystery of the Earth.

A few days ago the seismographs in Goettingen, Prussia; Sydney, New South Wales; and Washington, District of Columbia, pointed widely separated from each other, registered an earthquake of even more than ordinary proportions. So far as the scientists were able to judge from their reading of the instruments, the disturbance occurred in the Indian Ocean, although this conclusion is necessarily a matter of supposition largely. At any rate, since the earth-tremor was thus recorded no further news has been received. If the Indian Ocean was the scene of the earthquake, surely Ceylon or Zanzibar or Matamoras would long ago have reported the details of the disaster. If, on the other hand, there was a great disturbance in the Pacific Ocean, it may be days or even weeks before accurate knowledge can reach the civilized world, and even then the story may be negatively told in the failure of steamers or sailing vessels to arrive at their expected destinations. The fact remains, however, that somewhere there has been a great settling or upheaval of the earth's crust, possibly carrying with it enormous destruction of life and property.

Great is the mystery of the earth, and man's intelligence and experience stand powerless before it. A yawning chasm opens and Lisbon disappears; another upheaval and San Francisco is a mass of ruins; and then another stretching of the earth's mighty muscles and Valparaiso stands stricken. After all is over, scientists shake their wise heads and volubly recite all manner of suggestions and explanations—but they can neither predict nor prevent. They know not where the next blow may fall. They can only stand afar off and, like the rest of us, bow their heads in mute, despairing ignorance when nature manifests herself in extraordinary fashion. Even to-day, after all these years of advancing intelligence, the wind blows whether it listeth, and no man knows whence it comes. The tides of the sea ebb and flow and mock at man's feeble ignorance, and the stars of the ocean obey some mysterious influence which is beyond human ken. Only

a few days ago the Gulf Stream, that marvelous body of water sixty miles wide which sweeps majestically northward out of the Gulf of Mexico, swung itself far into the ocean and then, ten days later, resumed its accustomed channel. What great agency diverted it and compelled it, obedient as a child, to seek new longitudes?

Mystery and mystery and mystery. The earth and the sea and the air are wrapped in it and surrounded by it. And strange as fiction is the fact that somewhere in the world there has been a great disturbance of which we have not heard a word.

Responsibility of Journalism.

"The journalists are your true kings and clergy," said Thomas Carlyle in his famous reference to the newly arising power of the press; and he might have added, "Your buffoons and schoolmasters, your doctors and lawyers, your scientists and moralists, your instructors in vice and promoters of crime," so wide and so varied are the assumed functions of the press nowadays and so universal its influence in the affairs of daily life. We are entitled to a newspaper-reading people, and it would be impossible to trace out the thousand and one ways in which day by day the newspaper silently affects the quality and character of human actions. That this influence is much wider and more subtle than commonly supposed, that it has a profound effect upon the morals as well as upon the political opinions of the people, is a sociological fact of the highest importance. The task of a multitude of public or other moralists would seem almost hopeless if millions of homes were daily visited by a contaminated press.

It has for many years been a matter of speculation among intelligent people as to why newspapers devoted so much space to crime and wrongdoing of every description. The reason commonly given is that these matters possess a dramatic or human interest which attracts the majority of readers; that the same theme lends interest to the work of the great masters of literature in its several departments. It is true that many of the most powerful novels, some of the most affecting tragedies, revolve about crimes or deal with grave faults of character. But these considerations would hardly seem to justify the wholesale exploitation of crime, and especially of the misdoings of women, which characterizes certain American newspapers.

There are indeed who form a legitimate subject of news, and which the most reputable newspaper feels bound to describe because of their tragic or local interest or their intrinsic importance. But such handling of the news is surely a different matter from dragging the muck rake through the purloins of our great cities or using the mighty agency of the telegraph to bring together each morning all the terrible or shocking wrongdoings of the people of two or three continents. In that strange manner and the daily presentation of it in the most alluring forms give the press a malign influence which, being largely psychological, probably is not fully appreciated by those most responsible for it. How much of actual crime, how much of human misery, is due directly or indirectly to the sensational exploitation of wrongdoing, the constant presentation to an inflammable public of the suggestion of crime, never will be known. That it must be considerable would seem to be indicated by the influence of the press in other and known directions. It is this consideration which greatly enlarges the responsibility of journalism in our day.

How to Manage a Husband.

The civilization of Chicago is always evolving something new that attracts the attention of the world. Nothing of contemporary interest has happened in this strange city which will contribute more to the unraveling of a bothersome problem than the pronouncements of a sapient Chicago woman, who has been in the fetters of wedlock sixty years, on the important question of how a wife can manage a husband. Many great minds, even including that of Edward Bok, have tackled this question, only to become hopelessly enmeshed in the tangled web of matrimony.

Mrs. Blakesley told her earnest listeners, of the sixtieth anniversary of her marriage, called around her a numerous company of Chicago married women of all ages and varying terms of servitude, and revealed to them the secret of her success in managing her worst half. Excited in her achievement, as she has a right to be, Mrs. Blakesley summarized her philosophy—gave the alpha and omega of her system—thus:

"Make your husband stay in nights. Don't let him carouse around."
We repeat that Mrs. Blakesley has been married to one man sixty years, and in view of her claim that in all that stretch of time she has been "perfectly happy" and has "never quarreled with John," we submit other features of her system for the good of the cause.

"Never quarrel and you will be happy." Mrs. Blakesley told her earnest listeners; and then, answering a question as to how quarreling was to be avoided, said: "Oh, just feed your husbands well and humor them, and make them think they are having their own way." We pause here to inquire if the prescription of food is what has kept the amiable John Blakesley from going out of nights and "carousing around" these sixty years, or is it the "humane" rule of John Blakesley, the jollying of John Blakesley, the cajoling of John, the blustering of John?

We would sacrifice much to clap our eyes upon John Blakesley, even to the extent of making a trip to Chicago to do so, for in the bright light of ever-vigilant and sagacious womanhood, John Blakesley is a model husband. Not for sixty years has the model gone out at night—meaning, of course, that he has never gone out at night unaccompanied by the wife of his bosom; ergo, John Blakesley has never "caroused around."

The inference, therefore, is that the secret of managing a husband, and hence the secret of married bliss, is to keep him home at night. Also, that if a husband is unmanageable there can be no married bliss. Feed the creature, cajole him, hypnotize him—anything to keep him in nights. The night air has a deleterious effect upon him, and he "carouses around." Then, too, the animal is not owl-eyed, and it almost invariably happens that the poor thing, defiantly venturing to indulge his bent for nocturnal peregrination, loses his bearings in the darkness and can't find his way back home on time. We read nearly every day of policemen and other guardians of the helpless picking men up in the streets and taking them home, and we are perfectly happy and "perfectly quarrel-free." But we wonder if some husbands

are not perverse enough to start an argument of more or less warmth against being managed by the rule that has brought unalloyed bliss to Mrs. and Mr. John Blakesley for sixty years?

More School Buildings Needed.

Washington has been for some time faced with that serious problem of every growing city, how to provide sufficient school accommodations for the education of its children. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that the board of education will ask for an additional million dollars to be expended for new school buildings and grounds. As Dr. Chancellor rightly says, it will be useless to attempt to enforce a compulsory education law unless there are accommodations for the children who are to be forced to attend school. The schools are already crowded, so much so that many pupils are half-timers, and the need of more buildings is imperative.

No expenditure of public money is better justified than that spent in popular education, and no expenditure has given better returns on the investment. American cities have not as a rule been parsimonious in their support of the public school system, and Washington should be in the forefront as respects the quality and efficiency of its educational system. If the matter were left to the people of Washington, we have no doubt the board of education would be liberally supported in its plans to provide school accommodations for all, but the necessity of applying to Congress makes the task of carrying out those plans somewhat more difficult.

It is to be hoped the appeal of the board to Congress, when it shall be made, will meet with generous response.

Mr. Taft is daily adding fresh laurels to his already well-established reputation as a first-class luller.

Cuba is about to learn that Mr. Roosevelt's reformed spelling programme knows no such word as "manana."

An apologist for Stendhal says that the great French novelist did not right and ought to have been "taken a long vacation" several years ago. There seem, however, to have been very few other things that he failed to take along.

The man who thinks he is the whole show generally is, but he is of the "ten, twenty, thirty" variety, as a rule.

Mr. Hughes has whiskers and Mr. Hearst has none, and yet it is rumored that Tom Watson will take the stump for Mr. Hearst. Evidently Mr. Watson's announced return to the Democratic party is the real thing.

If Secretary Wilson does succeed in improving the general tone of the great American stomach, that feat ought to be regarded as a tremendous political asset for him.

That swarm of hornets that recently broke up an East Orange football game have given some new fangled form of the flying wedge.

"Americans largely eat labels," says Professor Wiley. Perhaps that's better than eating the stuff in the cans.

Mr. Jerome recently referred to Mr. Murphy as "a miserable whelp of a leader." Is Mr. Hughes about to tackle another "yellow dog"?

Mr. Grover Cleveland is totally convinced amid a large pile of sawed wood.

The Democrats of Hawaii have endorsed Mr. Bryan. Apparently the Democratic sun never sets on the Bryan bon.

Mrs. Lillie Brown-Butler-Parker, of the colored smart set of Pulaski, Va., was arrested the other day for stealing several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. It seems a shame to incarcerate any one who knows how to wear her hyphens as gracefully as that.

Amid all the fuss, Hon. David B. Hill is still a Democrat. In fact, it would be hard to locate a stiffer Democrat than David B. Hill.

It is said that the chorus girls will cut out the South on account of the expensive railroad rates. The South will miss the annual pilgrimage of the dear old ladies.

"The Clansman" may yet find it necessary to finish the Southern tour in disguise.

The tone of the Spanish press has a lull—y-o-u-s-o sound.

Perhaps it would be just as well for Sir Thomas Lipton to bring a cup along with him when he comes.

It is evident that Senator Joe Bailey is to be pretty thoroughly muck-raked.

There can hardly be any doubt that Cuba is displaying symptoms of that benevolently assimilated feeling.

Miss Laura B. Payne, who has been nominated by the Socialists for Congress in Texas, declares that she will drive all the grafters out of Washington. Those grafters who have failed to move on to the best of the Big Stick and the sharp stick may be induced to clear out before the hatpin.

Ecuador can hardly expect us to pay any particular attention to its little old revolution at this time.

A parrot in the office of the steel trust stole \$80. A modest beginning, of course; but then the parrot may learn the ropes as his term of service lengthens in the office.

The most distressing thing about the whole affair is the sad revival of the Hearst-hearse joke.

"The Blowhard" has made its appearance in the field of New York journalism. Perhaps, however, this is only one of our old friends in disguise.

The hinge-makers of Great Britain have formed a trust, but this country is not ready to open the door of hope to them.

The recent discovery of a microbe over 200 years old leads one to suspect that it is only the good microbes that die young.

Mr. Bryan doubtless views with alarm the President's tendency toward the free and unlimited colage of a lot of new words.

Wooster, Ohio, has an elder who pronounced his sleep. Most of his flock listen in their sleep.

If it is true that John D. Rockefeller has made a new will, we feel sure that Miss Ida Tarbell is scheduled to receive several thousand dollars less than nothing.

Senator Pettus is too fond of a joke not to live out his entire term, now that Alabama has elected an alternate Senator to take his place in the event of his death.

A Philadelphia doctor declares that boys who smoke cigarettes invariably become feeble in mind and body.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

THE LOST YESTERDAY.

I have lost a Yesterday—
Miser to my memories
I had been so contented then!
Where no thief might come to seize.
All my Yesterdays I hid
Away in the corner of my mind;
As a miser I did;
Now 'tis fallen from my hand.

I have lost along the way
Through the laughter and the tears,
Through the joy and the grief,
In the days of olden years,
Was it sunny? Was it gray?
Was it glad? Was it sad?
Ah, it was a Yesterday—
But a Yesterday I had.

I have held them in my clutch,
All the days that used to be,
I have loved them overmuch,
They were all so dear to me.
Yesterday—I knew each one
By its twilight or its dawn,
By its sunset or its dawn—
Yet a Yesterday to me.

Had it silence? Had it song?
Had it laughter? Had it grief?
Was it kind? Was it long?
I know not; say, nor care—
Joy and sorrow long were blended
In the days that came and went.
Of the days that came and went.

So I count them, and I miss
One of all my Yesterdays,
And I long that way and this
Tomorrow should be my mass,
And you say I need not sigh;
To me some small thing I pray,
O God, give me a Yesterday—
To have lost a Yesterday?

AN UNCLE TOMMER'S DIARY.

October 1—I have answered an advertisement of the Colossal Combined Uncle Tom's Cabin company, asking for a light comedian who can do in brass and stage. It is not the loftiest pinnacle of the Theatrical art, but it will be a foothold. Shakespeare started in lowly surroundings. He didn't start with an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, because there were none then; he lived, and I have the advantage of him. I don't know exactly what a light comedian may be, but I weigh in at about twenty and have light hair and when I put on the girl's blue pinks and play the part of a young man I'm a natural-born comedian.

October 3—I met the manager of the Colossal Combined Uncle Tom's Cabin company. He is a general man with a flowing black mustache and a diamond stuck in his necktie. His diamond has a little chain to it. He assures me that he is a dramatic talent. It is a good thing I decided to answer his advertisement. He says lots of times people don't know what all this and that for walking typoid, when they are simply going with dramatic talent. He says any one that would walk twenty miles to keep a date with a manager is a born Theatrical. Anybody that can walk that far, he says, is entitled to a position with the company he strikes. I am to send him for \$5 to do with the manager as a guaranty that I'll keep my contract. I am to play either Gumption Cule or, I don't know yet, why I am to sing bass. The manager says to wait and see.

October 4—Father sent me the money all right and I have signed. The manager says my handwriting is much like that of Edwin Booth. He was greatly interested when I told him of my ambition to play Othello, Hamlet, and Cleopatra. I am to play Mark, the lawyer, and am studying my lines. There is one other man who has joined the company and who wants to play this part, but the manager won't give it to him. The manager tell him any fool could play Mark.

October 5—We are billed to open Monday in Skiddville. I asked the manager if we were to rehearse. "Rehearse!" he exclaimed. "Rehearse 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'! My boy, you might as well ask us to rehearse the alphabet. Rehearsals would spoil the show, but you have six weeks of strong comedy scenes with the donkey you might take it out on a back street and get acquainted with it by giving it some exercise." The donkey is a retired circus one. It is a pale gray in color, with a combed forehead and an enlarged mouth. It does not take to me readily. When I got it out on the back street I tried to get it to play. It rubbed my teeth and chewed my pants terribly. Then when I got off and bent over to pin up my pants leg it whirled around and kicked me, and my hat fell off, and it came down and hit me. The manager came there finally to see what was delaying me and found me sitting on the curb watching the donkey eat my necktie and collar.

"Great! That's good business. We'll put that in."

October 6—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 7—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 8—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 9—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 10—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 11—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 12—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 13—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 14—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 15—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 16—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 17—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 18—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it. I am very hungry, but the liver we have for the bloodhounds is raw. The bloodhounds are of the deadly black variety, but they think Eliza is their little playmate, so the only way we can get them to chase her over the ice is to tie a chunk of liver to her shawl and give her a good start. For suggesting that we should give the bloodhounds a newspaper business about the same time. When the Hearst movement was in its infancy, both editors, though fierce rivals in the hard task of pleasing the same large constituency, espoused with enthusiasm the Hearst cause. Mr. Mack, being the New York member of the Democratic National Committee, quit the Hearst column after the Independence League nominated the Cleveland candidate, but Mr. Conners fought all the more uncompromisingly and ferociously for Hearst's nomination by the Democrats for governor. Mr. Conners is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee under the new dispensation, while Mr. Mack will, of course, have to fight desperately to hold on to his official position in the party. To his credit Mr. Conners—Phog!—has the idea of Buffalo way—has his life-long rival on the hip.

October 19—The manager borrowed my watch to put up as security for a loan of four hundred dollars. He said he was on his way to the bank to get it.